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ROHWER RELOCATION CENTER

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RFCC

THE GLORIOUS VICTORY

We are observing the second Easter Season in Rohwer. Most of the Young people who were with us last year have relocated outside. Members of our former group are working, studying, or serving in the army. You will be celebrating Easter in a new environment. We are glad to hear that some of you will be taking part in Easter Choir in the outside churches. Busy though you may be, you have remembered our humble church here in this center where you made many friends and helped us with our work. You were a part of us.

We are facing depletion of leadership constantly in our Church, Sunday Schools, and YPCF activities. We are handicapped in our work.

But we are reminded again this Easter, that we serve a risen Savior. We work not alone. Though we can't see Him, we constantly have by our side, our Master. He speaks to us. He asks us to speak to Him. Christ encourages, guides, and directs us.

We thank God for the nisei in the churches today who are conscious that Christ is working through him. Herin is power.

Christ conquered fear and death. He has challenged and inspired us to proclaim the Good News everywhere. And we do not have to be preachers to do that. Whether you be one of the worshippers in our barrack church, cathedral, or an army chapel the call comes direct to our hearts to live for and serve a Risen Savior.

"Because He lives, we too shall live!"
This is the glorious victory.

Our Church extends to all of you Joyful Easter Greetings!

'Twas JESUS

LET GO, LET GOD

'Twas Jesus Christ who died for me
Who was crucified upon the tree,
That I from sin would be set free.
'Twas Jesus Christ who died for me.

'Twas Jesus Christ who prayed for me,
Who shed great tears in agony
Back there in dark Gethsemane,
'Twas Jesus Christ who prayed for me.

'Twas He, who bore the stripes for me
In Pilot's hall, that I might be
From sin and sickness--healed and free
'Twas He who bore the stripes for me.

'Tis Jesus Christ whom I shall see
And break all laws of gravity
And from this world I'll be set free,
Oh! then, 'tis Jesus I shall see.

--Anon.

"Log of the Good Ship Grace"

EASTER SCRIPTURE

Jesus said unto her, I am the resurrection and the life: he that believeth on me, though he die, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth on me shall never die. Believeth thou this? She saith unto him, Yea, Lord: I have believed that thou art the Christ, the Son of God, even he that cometh into the world.

John 11: 25 - 27

Let go, let God when nerves are tight
His love will banish thoughts of fright
His word will point the way that's true
And His example much will do
To help you build up thoughts of right.

His way will make your burdens light
Your world will surely be more bright
And life will be worth while if you
Let go, let God.

Be sure to keep the goal in sight
Strive to do good with all your might
When to old thoughts you say adieu
If you would reach the Christlike height
Let go, let God.

--Merrill H. Ziegler

CHRIST ROAD

When Christ has entered in your heart
And in Christ's Road you've taken part,
There is no special time to play,
Nor worship certain hours each day.
For your kind deeds will show
That you've tried to grow
In truth a purer life to live,
Thus each and every one should strive,
With Christlike aim to win
And do the things that God would like
And do the things that God would like
And not to sin.

--Masao B. Kitada

Where the idea came from in the first place remains a mystery but there is something about it that causes it to linger on in the imagination and leading into strange paths of thought. The idea is that of a two-dimensional creature, purely imaginary but non-the-less intriguing. It is a creature that can recognize only length and width but knows nothing of depth and height. Finding itself on a plain sheet of paper it could crawl to the edge but there it would be greeted by empty space for the thickness of the paper would be a depth which could neither see nor comprehend.

But there might be a worse fate for this two-dimensional creature. Some person might take a pencil and draw a circle around it and make a barrier which the two dimensional creature could not surmount. The pencil mark would provide a barrier of sufficient height to keep it from going over, for it would be beyond the comprehensions of two-dimensional thought.

Yes, it would be a strange creature, but men often act as strangely. Lines have been drawn around men that many are unable to cross. The lines may be of race or of class, of nation or occupation and men are confined within the narrow limits of the circle thus drawn about them because they can't see beyond it. The barrier that has been erected in this way can be made ineffective by the method suggested in the poem by Edwin Markham--

"He drew a circle that shut me out--
Heretic, rebel, a thing to flout
But Love and I had the wit to win:
We drew a circle that took him in."

--Rev. Carl Fritz

Ed. Note (Rev. Fritz was a former worker in the Stockton Young Peoples' group but now is Pastor of the Community Presbyterian Church at Coolidge, Arizona.)

EASTER

Thank God for the dear ones safe today,
Safe at home on the happy shore,
Where the smile of the Father beams for
eye,
And the shadows of pain shall fall no
more.
Thank God for the hearts that have done
with sin,
For the eyes that shall never be blind
with tears,
Thank God for the beautiful, entered in
To the perfect rest of the deathless
years.

Thank God today for the pilgrim feet,
Which have trodden the last of the toil;
some way,
For the strong, for the frail, for the
babes so sweet,
Who have left forever this crumbling
clay;
Who have changed earth's trial and loss
and moan,
For the victor's palm and the voice of
praise.
Who dwell in the light of the great
white throne,
And join in the songs which the ran-
somed raise.

Thank God for the hope sublime
Which fills our souls in the darkest
hours;
Thank God that the transient cares of
time
Are wreathed in the glory of fadeless
flowers;
Thank God for the rift in the desolate
grave;
'Tis the soldier's couch, not the cap-
tive's prison;
He hallowed its portal, who died to
save.



A HEART WISH

That I may know yet more and more
The love of God whom I adore;
That I may be increasingly
The man He would have me be;
That, loved and kept, I may find
grace
To serve before Him, face to face;
And that, at last, my great reward
May be the "well done" of my Lord.
This is my wish; may all beside
Be on yon cross and crucified.

--Henry W. Frost.

Both poems are taken from "Log of
the Good Ship Grace"

COME TO CHURCH